

RESTORATION



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Meal of Moose To Feature Yukon Visit

By Mamie Legris

Whitehorse, Yukon — The Autumn has brought its usual round of duties — some are similar to last year's; others are different. The weather is cold but it has been that way since July. Actually we had a very short summer. You see snow on the mountains. You shiver. By way of consolation there is the big wood-pile behind the house. Yes, thirty-five cords of four foot wood waiting to be devoured by our greedy furnace. It didn't get there by pushing a button or uttering some magic words. The wood cutting was spread over a period of five months and was effected by Louie and the men who stayed in our hostel. We are lucky to have it because it is worth twenty-two dollars a cord this year; and those who know Friendship House know that it isn't always easy to get seven or eight hundred dollars for fuel.

The hostel is busy—busier than last year. But of course more people know about it. This is the time of year when we have many sick or recuperating Indian people. Some of them are just waiting — waiting for a plane home. Perhaps there is only one plane a month. Perhaps the plane can't land at certain places because of weather conditions — so people wait. At present we have an Indian mother and her baby son. They have been with us for three weeks. The baby wasn't well so the doctor and Indian Health nurse kept a vigilant eye on him. When the baby was well enough to leave, they couldn't get reservations on the plane — when they got a reservation, the plane couldn't land at their destination, so day succeeded day and the Indian mother waits patiently to get home to her loved ones.

No Frills For Grandma

And Grandma is with us. She lives hundreds of miles away and in the middle of the month the mail plane will take her home. She is an Indian woman of eighty or ninety. She is precious. She speaks very little English but when she wants to make herself understood she finds the words. At times she tells long stories in her native language. How we wish we could understand the Teltan language because I'm sure her stories are interesting. Her worldly possessions consisting of a pocket knife, a pipe, a key and a package of tobacco are carried in a little black and white bag which she tucks under her arm inside her jacket. She scolds us too. One day Kay cut her bread in small squares, buttered it and put jam on it. Grandma would have none of that thin bread and told Kay in no uncertain terms. And Kay got side tracked one day on her way to light Grandma's pipe; it hasn't happened since. She lights the pipe at the right time now. Gram is no bother. She sleeps, eats and smokes and now and again asks for a glass of cold water. We are

learning much from her.

Even Audio-Visual

Our library is growing in books and in subscribers. We are glad too because we hate to see twelve hundred books collecting dust on the shelves. There are some subscribers by mail—not many, mind you, but a few. At least it is a beginning. We even have a catalogue to send our out of town readers. Speaking of the library, we hope eventually to have a good selection of slides and film strips on religious subjects, and travelogues to loan to the missionaries of the vicariate. Would you care to send us some? It would be so appreciated in the Yukon. Would you help to bring this kind of entertainment to the native people who have so little and help the missionaries who work so hard to make life more pleasant for their people?

The members of the CYO have resumed their study club meetings and each Monday night a group assembles in Maryhouse library to learn more about God.

Last winter the three of us, took a census of the native people in Whitehorse. That was not the end though—for we have been visiting their homes weekly with the hope of helping them and reporting conditions to the missionaries.

A Long Coming, Comes . . .

Briefly, that is what is going on but there is something else, too. At this point we are only two days away from B's visit to Maryhouse. True, she was here in 1953 but that was before the birth of Maryhouse. We have looked forward to and talked about this visit for a year and a half. It seemed as though it would never come. Just a week ago she phoned from Edmonton to say that she would arrive the second week in October. Like children looking forward to Christmas, you would hear us say, "Imagine, in three more days, B will be with us."

We've been planning for a long time, too. During the summer we were given a large salmon. Remembering



that B likes fish, Louie said, "We should keep this till she comes. It will be a nice treat for her." So it went into a neighbor's deep freeze. We got a piece of moose meat which we also promptly put in cold storage until B came. She just had to have a meal of moose. Then she told us that she would be with us for the Silver Jubilee of Friendship House on October 15th. That sounded too good to be true but we made plans for a fitting celebration. There would be a high Mass of Thanksgiving in our Chapel on that important morning. A big dinner and an anniversary cake. A reception in the afternoon followed by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Then supper and a quiet evening. We have some gifts that we know she will like . . . a beautiful rosary of Yukon ivory made by Msgr. Gallant and a pair of muck-lucks made by an Indian woman.

We were so excited about her visit that we told everyone we met at lectures, dinners, teas; and get-togethers were arranged all over town. People anxiously looked forward to meeting her and everyone co-operated one hundred per cent to make her visit pleasant. We hope that in our enthusiasm we have not made too strenuous an agenda.

And Christ's Coming

Speaking of anniversaries reminds me of the anniversary that means so much to each of us every year. You have guessed rightly . . . I am thinking of Christmas. I am thinking of the faces of the many Indian children I see on Sunday morning when I call at their homes to take them to Mass . . . and of the ones who come to Maryhouse for clothing. I see three small boxes of toys in our attic and wonder how one can divide them among one hundred and fifty children so that each will receive a gift. It can't be done . . . so would our readers help to double or treble the boxes of toys in our attic and even force us to use larger boxes? I know you will. God bless you! The address is simple: Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon Territory.

A Visit and Permission to Expand Highlight Edmonton

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Marian Centre, Edmonton, Alberta — The very greatest event of this month was the visitation of our Mother Foundress or as we like to call her affectionately — B—. She brought with her, love, order, clarification and a program for the future. In other words when B arrived, there arrived too, the joy and peace of the tranquility of God's order. Fr. Briere, Fr. Robert and I met her at the train and we all came to Marian Centre in time for tea. Marite had baked a cake and Tess and Jim had erected a "Welcome Home" sign. Tea that day was, to say the least, one of the most joyous ones, we have had since the opening of Marian Centre.

Since the harvest has been on, the number of men coming daily has dropped considerably. But our back door has seen some unusual activity. Yesterday one of our former hungry men arrived there to let us know that he now had a steady job and that he wished to thank us for the help he had received when he needed it. When finally he put out his hand to say goodbye, I was surprised to find in mine a five dollar bill. "I can afford it now," he said.

The men coming these days are mostly too old or sick to work. This morning though, when they heard that we could have what was left of a field of potatoes if we would pick them, many of the men who were here at the time offered to pick them for us for nothing. They are now hard at work digging them up.

Winter, Yes — Clothing?

The cold weather is beginning to settle in. And the harvest should be over in another few weeks. Our supply of clothing for men, women and children is very low and unfortunately we have been obliged to turn people away for the complete lack of having what they require. Children's clothing never remains in our clothing room much longer than a day. Men's clothing such as warm sweaters, socks and heavy underwear are sorely needed.

We have received permission from His Grace Archbishop MacDonald to enlarge our premises as our present space is quite inadequate. We are at present waiting for the necessary permission from the City of Edmonton. Please pray for us that we may be able to build the required rooms as soon as possible. Our dining room at present seats only about thirty. The men have no where to sit while waiting for their turn at table. The door is, by necessity opening and closing and the drafts of cold air coming into the house make it impossible to keep it heated during meal hours. So the need of a larger dining-room is becoming increasingly evident.

Why We Enlarge

It is difficult to see men who have no trade and who while they were younger had little or no difficulty in getting casual labor, now striving day by day to get a job to tide them over another day so that they will have a place to sleep. They are not looking for the luxury of a room at one dollar and twenty-five cents a night, but simply enough money for a bed in a room with other beds, at sixty-five cents a night.

Their daily wages should provide them with enough money for beds for several nights if they are satisfied with that. But these men cannot be assured of work every day and families hiring them, being unaware of their conditions, sometimes sadly underpay them.

There is the case of a man whom we sent out as a handy man for a day's work and who did the job so well that the lady who had hired him decided she would like to have him for another day's work. Since he was coming back the next day she did not pay him. We saw to it that he had a place to sleep that night. The following day after his work was completed, she told him she couldn't pay him then as she had nothing smaller than a fifty dollar bill on hand. The following day he worked for someone else who paid him by cheque, after banking hours. He had to take the next day off from work to collect his money and get to the bank. There was no complaint from our Brother in Christ but had we not been seeing to his sleeping accommodation could anyone really have blamed him for becoming a little bitter? The people hiring him did not do it in malice but the realization that a man may have no money to eat or sleep (particularly if he is obviously not lazy but a good worker) just isn't there.

Only love will help us in these days, WHEN ONE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THE NAME OF HIS NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR, to remember the fact that we are each in truth, our brother's keeper.

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THE B's CORNER

Eddie is in the Hospital. The General Hospital of Pembroke, Ontario, Canada, run by the good Sisters of Mother D'Youville — The Grey Nuns.

He went into the hospital just to check what we all thought was a nicked rib. For last summer he had a slight fall, and for a while was strapped like a mummy — for he did hit one of his ribs. He seemed to have recovered from it — when in the fall pain around about that region returned.

We took him to the hospital the day I was leaving for my first official visitation of our two new branches, Marian Centre, Edmonton, Alberta, and Mary House, Whitehorse, Yukon Territory. We arrived early into Pembroke from whence I was going that evening on my eight thousand mile journey. We were fortunate to find a room for him and he was admitted at once. I stayed with him 'til almost train time — for I was anxious to see the doctor and find out, approximately at least, before departure what exactly was wrong with his ribs. But an emergency operation intervened for the doctor — and trains being what they are — I could not make it wait, so I left Eddie with a smile and a joke. It is best sometime to smile when the duty of the moment which is the duty of God, brings tears to one's heart.

STUNNED

It takes almost three days to reach Edmonton by train — Canada is so immense a land. I had given Eddie, his health and all at Madonna House over to Mary the gracious Mother of God . . . yet when at the station in Edmonton Dorothy Phillips the new director of our Marian Centre told me that she had received a telegram that day — and that Eddie might have to have an operation on his left kidney, because it wasn't his ribs at all, but a kidney stone that was the cause of all his acute pains — my heart seemed to stop beating, and my instinctive and first move was toward the ticket office — to get that ticket that would take me back to him via the next train.

Then I remembered, that he was in Mary's hands. That long ago and far away — all of twelve years ago or thirteen, he and I before marriage had faced our common vocation in Friendship House, and that we both gave a solemn promise to a holy prelate of the Church, to put the Apostolate ahead of ourselves. On that condition we were married. All this I remembered in a flash,

even while listening to Dot tell me the news of the Marian Centre.

And remembering, I renewed the "fiat," and left Eddie in the hands of Mary uniting my will to that of Her Divine Son.

SAFE

A few days later, I heard the operation was over. Eddie was recovering nicely from it and very fast. BUT, another operation was needed, on the right kidney which also had stones. That news came to me, as I was emplaning for Whitehorse . . . a thousand mile flight over a wild cold snowy mountain range. I took with me into the starry night — we were flying at night — the consolation that I would be back for the second operation, and, God willing, at Eddie's side.

I know so little about the day by day progresses and regresses of Eddie's illness. Two of our Madonna House R.N.'s are lovingly nursing him, I know. I hear he keeps up his punning and his sunny smile, know that his weak fingers still keep "saying" the Rosary slowly and constantly. I know that he is united with me in offering his pains and our apartness for the needs of Christ and His Church and our humble little apostolate of Madonna House. Outside of that I know little, except that in two or three weeks he will have his second major operation.

Trustingly I leave him in Mary's hands. Yet I also know that it is not forbidden to me or anyone else to pray for his recovery if it be the most holy will of God.

May I therefore, dear friends, ask your good prayers for Eddie Doherty whom the world calls so simply "EDDIE." He is still quite sick and needs your prayers, so very much, and so do I.

MOTHER-CABRINI



MISSIONARY

COMBERMERE DIARY

We have already had several letters from our friends and readers about our last "Combermere Diary," and are repeating it, as they seem to like it. The day-by-day doings at Madonna House appear to be of definite interest to the many subscribers to Restoration who have visited us in the past. It may interest you to know that our list of visitors and guests for the 1955 season is now well over the 750 mark—but on to "diary doings."

September 21st — Mary Jean Beaudoin, a registered nurse from Toronto, arrived to stay with us for a time as a Visiting Volunteer, and in the same afternoon we had a flying visit from Father Mahoney of Toronto. That evening brought us a special treat in the person of Father Maxime Chalhoub, a Lebanese priest of the Melkite Rite. The following morning our group had the unusual privilege of attending Mass in that Rite, and as Fr. Chalhoub has the missionary privilege of saying parts of the Mass in the vernacular of the country in which he is, those parts were said for us in English. Another unusual feature was the fact that he used leavened bread for the Holy Sacrifice, and those who participated received Communion under two species of consecrated bread and wine. Father told us many interesting stories of his work, and even sang for us in his native tongue. The group enjoyed his visit very much, and it must have been mutual, as the following letter will testify:

"Mes bien chers Amis: Je ne sais vraiment pas comment vous remercier du bon accueil et de la sollicitude dont vous m'avez entouré durant tous les moments de mon séjour à Madonna House. Je me suis senti dans l'atmosphère chaude de la famille où tout le monde se comprend, tout le monde s'aime, et où toutes les figures rayonnent la douce joie des enfants de Dieu. A mon arrivée, le soir, à 7 h., j'ai eu l'impression d'entrer dans un coin du monde qui n'appartient pas à la terre, où tout respire l'odeur du Ciel . . . Si heureux de voir toutes ces jeunes filles et tous ces jeunes gens mener, en plein vingtième siècle, cette vie de piété, de ferveur, de travail intense, de chasteté angélique, de simplicité et de pauvreté. Ce fut là pour moi une prédication vivante, et l'une de ces retraites dont le souvenir ne s'efface jamais du cœur. Madonna House est vraiment la maison de la Sainte-Vierge, où tout rappelle et vivifie les pieux souvenirs de la Demeure de Nazareth. Il n'y a pas jusqu'au climat dur et sec, qui ne rappelle celui de Nazareth. Elle présente le seul inconvénient d'être un peu trop loin; mais à vrai dire, il lui fallait cette solitude pour faire oublier le tout du monde, en rapprochant du Bon Dieu. Encore une fois, je puis vous assurer, mes bien chers Amis, que mon court séjour à Madonna House, m'a rempli le cœur d'une joie indescriptible, et a été pour moi la plus bienfaisante des retraites. Je ne vous oublierai jamais; votre souvenir a été gravé en lettres d'or dans mon cœur. Je remercie aussi très vivement les chers Pères John et Gene de leurs délicates attentions à mon égard, et prie la Santa Madonna de répandre sur toute la chère Communauté ses plus abondantes bénédictions."

September 24th — Eddie and "B" and Father Calla-

han left for Pembroke. Eddie was to enter the Pembroke General Hospital on the same day for what was thought to be a routine check-up and a possible X-ray, while "B" was scheduled to take the evening train from Pembroke en route to her visitation to the houses in the West, the Marian Centre in Edmonton, and later Maryhouse in the Yukon.

September 27th — Elsie Whitley, our Staff Worker and Registered Nurse from Edinburgh, Scotland, travelled to Pembroke to see Eddie, and there learned that the "routine check-up" was not routine, as it showed the presence of kidney stones, and raised the possibility of surgery.

September 29th — Dick Parker, Terry Richaud, and Shirley DeWitt made the 128 mile round trip to Pembroke, and came back with the sad news that Eddie would have to be operated on the following week.

Father Campbell and Mr. Dore of St. Catherine's, Ont., stopped in for a nice visit, and at tea time Father amused some of the staff with a few of his magical tricks, and some of the group were amazed and mystified to find that they were hiding parts of packs of cards behind their ears and in their hair.

Mr. McAlpine of Bancroft, came in to notify us that he would begin surveying the property lines of Madonna House and St. Ann's Farm.

October 1st — Elsie Whitley and Mary Davis went to Pembroke, and came back with the report that Eddie was to be operated on Monday, October 3rd, and that he was reported to have said that for him it was the best day in the year to have such a thing happen because it was the Feast of the Little Flower, and she was the one responsible for his return to the Church years ago, as he has narrated in his biography, "Gall and Honey."

October 2nd — Father Callahan and the two Registered Nurses, Elsie Whitley and Mary Jean Beaudoin, left for Pembroke Hospital to be with Eddie during the operation, and the girls stayed on to act as special nurses for the post-operative period.

October 3rd — Operation Kidney Stone was fortified by a Mass said in Combermere, one in Pembroke, one in Edmonton, and three in Whitehorse, for Eddie's welfare. The surgeon was very pleased with the operation that was performed on the left kidney. Sometime after Eddie came out of the anaesthetic he said, "Well now my left kidney is right, and my right kidney is left, so I'm not quite sure where that leaves me." Eddie was in considerable pain until the first Friday which was the Feast of the Holy Rosary, and he told us that that evening after a long talk with Our Lady, at some time the pains ceased as if someone had pulled a switch.

October 7th — The Feast of the Holy Rosary. Diane

Zdunich, a Staff Worker Applicant, together with Theresa Davis, Jerry Kurtz, Gertrude McConnon, and Ron McDonnell, Visiting Volunteers, were received before Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament as slaves of Mary. While Our Lady sent along a wonderful load of Christmas Toys and used clothing, chauffeured by Bess Laman-dola and Angela Palmieri of Rochester, New York. Which reminds us of a wonderful load of materials that was brought in a four-wheel trailer from Detroit a week or two previous from our good friends the Skiffingtons.

October 8th — This month proved to be, in a sense, parents' month, for Cathy Maynard's mother and father from Connecticut, Trudi Cortens' father from Winnipeg, and our visiting volunteer, Margaret Gallagher's parents from Detroit, came to visit.

October 10th — Canadian Thanksgiving Day brought about ten guests, including the bride-to-be and her fiancé, Frances Dahm and Kel MacDougall.

October 11th — Feast of the Maternity of Mary. Paul Karipurith of the Institutes of St. Joseph from Pattanakad, Shertally, Travancore-Cochin, in South India, who is a graduate of St. Francis Xavier University at Antigonish, visited us, and told us about the work of the Institutes in India.

Madeleine Longo became a slave of Mary.

October 12th — An unexpected but pleasant visit from Father Leveque, White Father, who has spent some 20 years in Africa. By his talk Father helped fill in our picture of the world-wide needs of the missions in our Catholic Church. P.S.— We also found his movies on African wild-life interesting and exciting.

October 15th — Feast of St. Theresa of Avila, and the 25th Anniversary of the founding of Friendship House. On this day "B" celebrated her Silver Jubilee in Maryhouse, in the Yukon, and Bishop Coudert of the Yukon came to Madonna House, providentially, to celebrate the anniversary with us. He brought with him Bishop Trocellier of the Mackenzie River District, and while we thought that Bishop Coudert had a corner on the market for stories of personal hardship and adventure, now we think he must share his laurels with his brother Bishop. Their tales of the difficulties of mission life in the Arctic regions practically made us feel like "softies."

Of course, there was entertainment on this happy occasion, and either St. Theresa or Our Lady sent us two more Staff Worker Applicants in the persons of Edith Scott, and Rose Gagné. Nor would it be fair not to mention the fact that the Clothing Room was augmented by a load that sagged the rear springs in the car of Joe Cushing from Toronto.

October 16th — Most people feel it a distinct privilege to attend the morning Mass of a Bishop, but we had the privilege duplicated for our morning Mass today.

October 20th — This is "B" Day, which means that "B" is back from the West, and all the reports from there, as you will read elsewhere, are super-glowing. Alleluia!

That Western Visit

By the Staff

We thought we would tell you about B's visit to Edmonton and Whitehorse by letting you share parts of the letters that she wrote.

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Sept. 24, 1955. Entrained 8:45 P.M. Asleep 8:55 P.M. Breakfast in bed next day around 11 A.M. or so.

Slept then 'til 6:00 P.M. Dinner at 7:00 P.M. Bed and sleep 'til 11:00 A.M. Monday, our time.

Now at 8:30 A.M. Saskatchewan time (lost 3 hrs. somewhere), can't find them, looked all over. I am as fresh as a daisy! and well settled down to some reading. Pardon me. Just a little yawn! Love to all.

Edmonton, Alta., Feast of St. Michael, Sept. 29th, Dear Mary D., Was I ever glad to get your letter! Who! It sure was a shot in the arm. Thanks. The news, I just ate up.

I visited the Precious Blood Sisters and guess whom I met there. A Holy Ghost Father who was in Harlem in 1938 when I was starting there. He said "My, my, I see you are going strong still. God sure must have filled you with a special brand of gasoline." We chewed the fat for awhile.

Sept. 30th, Dearest Cathy, I begin to understand what a letter from M.H. means to the people in the distant apostolates! I am truly lost in admiration of what has been accomplished by Mary, through, Dot, Jim, Tess and Marite. It is to be seen to be believed. I do not only mean the physical — which is a miracle in itself. I mean THE MEN. How they love this place, how they use words "we" and "our," and "ours" to it. It is so touching that I want to cry when I hear it.

It was nice to remember "old days."

Marian Centre is terrific. The men love the kids . . . and adore Dot. Overheard conversation of two men with a third: "Hey you, where do you think you are? Shut your filthy mouth . . . this is Marian Centre, a holy house, so get wise . . . or we'll shut your mouth for you!"

One fellow is eating around a sandwich. Another tells him, "If you ain't hungry pal, scram! These good folks beg your food . . . and there is lots of guys who need it. There ain't no room for chislers like you." So it goes. The "boys" watch over the kids here. "But good!"

The place is small but immaculate. There is no time for tizzies either. Too many dishes. Too much stew to dish out.

October 1, 1955, Dearest Laurette; Though I should have addressed my letter to Mary Ruth for hers was the news letter for today (you have no idea how this system cheers me up — to hear from each of my chillun in turn) I am writing to you. Please thank her for her interesting letter, I-we-gobbled it up.

Yesterday we had Open House. The place was jammed, and I talked "informally" three hours.

Had a phone call from Eddie, he told me he will be operated on Monday. That

sort of hit me like a sledge hammer. But I knew Our Lady wanted a little sacrifice and pain from him and me, to sort of perk things up for the apostolate. So Eddie and I sort of cleared that up satisfactorily . . . and now all things are in Mary's hands, and St. Theresa's, the Little Flower, on whose feast he will be operated on.

I like Edmonton and its people. They are wonderful. My lecture tomorrow is at the Paramount theatre. Pray for me even after the event. I am off Monday for my retreat at the Precious Blood Monastery.

One of the men came back to the Sacraments this morning, the First Saturday. He went to Communion with us in the little chapel. Four days ago he had the DT's. He came then with a bunch of flowers for "Our Lady of the Way," but he could not even talk, he was so drunk. He slapped the flowers on the altar and then passed out. Love in Her.

Whitehorse, October 11th, Dearest Diana, Thanks for your good letter. It was most descriptive. I enjoyed it — so did all the kids. Thank everyone for their prayers. I guess that is what is making Eddie better — and helping me to carry on with the duty of the moment which is the duty of God — but at times kind of tough, as you should know.

It also helps me to face the fact that Eddie will have to have another operation when I get back. But there is truly an utter trust in the will of God . . . a fiat that goes deep. However that does not mean I am not storming heaven to get Mary to implore her divine Son to grant Eddie a few more years of life. Love is like that — persistent, yet trustful and ready. Keep up the prayers for Eddie, and keep me in them too. I need them. You have been in mine very specially.

Here all is the strangest whirls and contrasts I have ever encountered. Consider. Last night we all went to a THANKGIVING DINNER — turkey with trimmings — at the Air Base. On top of the mountain . . . with the cup that is Whitehorse at our feet. We sitting at its brim, and looking up unto lonely and proud snow-capped peaks.

Today we visited Whiskey Flats . . . men, women, Indians, whites, half-breeds, shuffling along slowly — no place to go. Smoke coming from shacks half the size of our hen house. Doors opening, men spitting, women squatting about around. Broken bottles lying around. Kids throwing pieces of glass at each other. Broken bottles and broken lives.

Another drive up against the side of a mountain. Little shacks that push the mountain back or hang off its rugged cliffs! We are going to visit a sick school teacher who married last year and now expects her first baby. A bare room, a kitten playing on the floor, a wood stove cozily burning, a picture of Our Lady, some knitting on a saggy couch, a book or two, no running water, no toilet except a chemical pail . . . Yet it is a home because there is love in it . . . and she is not hungry. I begin counting days. Monday, God willing, I shall start homeward, and, all being well, I will be entraining for Pembroke —

(Continued on Page Four)

A Different Mass

By Francoise de Castro

Some weeks ago Madonna House was blessed by the visit of a priest from Syria — now stationed in Paterson, N.J. — Father Maxime Chalhoub. Father Maxime belongs to the Melchite rite, in union with Rome. Which means that we had the privilege of twice attending Mass according to this particular Eastern rite, quite different from ours as you will see.

The prayers and ceremonies date as far back as the 3rd or 4th century. Mass can be said in the language of the country (generally Arabic) but Father said it for us in English, except the Consecration.

At the beginning of Mass, the bread and wine are prepared on a side altar; this represents the Crib, from which the Eucharistic Christ will go to the main altar, symbolizing Calvary. The bread used is ordinary leavened bread, cut in small pieces and placed on the paten.

Naturally the main parts of the Mass are the same as in the Roman rite, with numerous additions which remind one of the liturgy of Good Friday; the priest prays for the whole church, and calls upon the faithful "the love of the Father, the redemption of the Son, and the communion of the Holy Spirit." He prays that the day may be "peaceful and perfect"; again and again he invokes the patronage of the Immaculate Mother of God. Her presence permeates the whole liturgy. To each invocation, the people answer "Have mercy, O Lord," while they respectfully bow before Him. The Epistle is read by a member of the congregation, and the Gospel is read by the priest, facing the people. Then all recite the "I believe in God," in English. After the Consecration, the words of which are said in Arabic, the Our Father is recited in common.

At Communion time, we all gathered around the altar, as usual, and knelt there: Communion was given to us under both species, a little piece of bread dipped into the chalice, real bread, that we had to chew. Never had the words "Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of man," been brought so forcefully to mind.

After Communion, the priest brought the remaining Bread and Wine to the side altar — which then represented the Tomb of Christ — and consummated them. He had beforehand explained to us the meaning of this last ceremony: "Christ is laid in the heart of the priest, as He was in the Tomb; it is for us to keep Him there through the whole day."



OH THAT LOUIE!

If you have ever wondered what sort of vacation is given to Madonna House staff workers — those lay apostles dedicated to poverty, consecrated to Mary, and dead to self — here is a clue. It is a letter written by Louis Stoeckle, the first male lay missionary sent from Combermere into the Yukon. And it comes from Skagway, Alaska. Louis journeyed there from Whitehorse at the invitation of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Gallant, superintendent of the Pius X Mission. This is the letter in part:

A Private Suite!

"For several days I stayed at Msgr. Gallant's 5 room cottage, which nestles on the edge of a brook — a stone fireplace, library, phonograph, and a beautiful collection of icons all add to an atmosphere of peace. I was given "the guest room," a three room suite, — real plush — private shower — tile floors — easy chairs — the only rule being "no work allowed." I was compelled to spend my leisure hiking, reading, investigating the curiosities in curio shops, and in avoiding anything resembling manual labor . . .

"One morning, early, after Mass, two Indian boys and I

set out for Upper Dewey Lake 8 miles by trail, at an elevation of six thousand feet above sea level. Laden with grub, blankets, cameras, binoculars, and enthusiasm, we began our ascent, which was to take us through a coastal hemlock forest into the tundra area just over the timber line. The trail was steep and winding, over rocks, laced generously with slippery roots. We reached the lake in four hours.

Dines On Steak

A wide variety of berries and wild flowers made the hike most interesting . . . though at times the weight of my pack made me suspect one of the boys was inside it. Both boys, native-born Alaskans, were as nimble as mountain goats. At our destination was a very photogenic (but unhygienic) log cabin. A stove and several blocks of wood were the only furnishings. We spent two days exploring every noon and cranny in the area, sliding down snow banks and rolling boulders into the "Devil's Punch Bowl" — a little glacial lake of about 300 ft. in diameter (Skagway, from this height, even when viewed through binoculars — is like a town of toy houses). Even though Upper Lake is well stocked with Colorado brook trout, our bait was most unacceptable to them — and so we

(Continued on Page Four)

Tribute To Lay Apostles

Recently we had the opportunity of reading a letter from an airman in The Royal Canadian Air Force in which he speaks of the work done at Marian Centre and at Maryhouse. We would like to quote parts of his letter for our readers:

"I spent a week-end at Marian Centre, the latest branch of the Madonna House Apostolate. The work there is extremely different than Maryhouse because the locale is different and the needs vary. The Staff in Edmonton's Marian Centre serve meals to an average of 135 people a day, clothe an average of twenty to thirty people each day; the Superior Staff Worker is Dorothy Phillips.

"I helped the Staff both in Edmonton and Whitehorse on occasions with Alcoholics. We talked to them for hours on end; smoked when they smoked; drank juices and ate food when they felt like that. The conversations were sometimes silly, endless and seemingly to no purpose whatsoever, but in the end they were restored to a feeling of self-respect, a full stomach, good shave and good clothing. Marian Centre and Maryhouse in due course contacted Alcoholics Anonymous, who upon their word that the men's aims were sincere took over.

"Flow of Grace"

"Marian Centre has been fortunate in making excellent connections with the Unemployment Bureau in finding jobs for their guests.

"Marian Centre, as Maryhouse, lives entirely on the generosity of benefactors. Dorothy told me that they still owe several thousand on the house they have bought. The house set-up itself is extremely interesting. The first floor having a kitchen and dining room;

the basement being partitioned off into a clothing room and another kitchen-dining room set-up. The second floor has a beautiful chapel (they still need quite a few linens) and the rooms for the male members of the Staff. The attic is taken over as the ladies' quarters and also store rooms holding many books which they have been unable to use until they can build a further facility for a library.

"Both Maryhouse and Marian Centre have the Blessed Sacrament present in their chapel at all times. Mass is also said almost every morning in both houses. I have found an overwhelming flow of grace bubbling forth from the efforts of these selfless and dedicated people.

Moneyless Faith

"Maryhouse has had more transient guests; homeless, destitute, down and out, broken families and Indian children varying in age. All these people are met with an open mind, an open heart and a helping hand. None are turned away. I found Madonna House people never complain. Being human I marvel at the way they react to the petty complaints that many of us carry with us day by day. Maryhouse is in my words — DESPERATE. They have very little, if no funds, to carry on. This fall is going to prove to be a very hard one unless their prayers are answered. The biggest and greatest article needed by them today is MONEY. Electricity is extremely high; they have their lights on seldom in the evening and then regard it as a luxury. Water for drinking also runs into a lot of money, although they are fortunate to have been able to build water facilities in Maryhouse. Water is not fit to drink, only for washing. Water must be ordered and delivered in barrels. One thing these people seem to have an abundance of, is good, down-to-earth FAITH. This they spread around them in living and working each day among the people."

Looks At Books

By Francoise de Castro

JOAN OF ARC, DAUGHTER OF GOD, A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY by MARY ANGELA JEEVES (Published by Stockwell Ltd., ILFR A COMBE, N. DEVON 9 s/6.).

This book brings what its title promises: a thorough and penetrating study of Joan of Arc's personality, and of her divine mission.

Aided by a vast knowledge of the biographies of various other Saints, and interweaving into her analysis a constant thread of apologetical explanations of the main beliefs of our faith — as if she constantly bore in mind the possibility of a non-Catholic reader — Miss Jeeves has written a deep, yet simple, and very lovable book. Jeanne d'Arc comes to life, as she most probably was, (so little is known of her inner feelings that this is more a work of intuition than of historical research, and it had to be that way), a true Saint, reproducing into her own life the features of her Master, a 'daughter of God,' faithful unto death, and unto the death of the stake — and yet, so terribly human, so close to us, with her genuine fear of physical suffering, her strong and tender attachment to her country, (yet she fought for the glory of God, not out of purely nationalistic motives), her love for freedom, which made her find prison so painful.

Many a lesson can be learned through this book, and above all of bold and undaunted zeal for the service of God, carried out in all simplicity, with the help of His Saints.

"Go on, daughter of God," Saint Michael would say . . . And Joan went on . . . On unto victory, unto death, and unto the altars of the Church.

This little shepherdess, a lay woman, who carried with heroism an extraordinary task, may teach us, if we ask her to, how to carry with heroism the ordinary tasks of our own lives. It is the same Christ Whom we serve.



THAT WESTERN VISIT

(Continued from Page Three)

Tuesday the 18th, at 1:50 P.M. I dare not yet believe it. Because . . . well I won't until the train leaves Edmonton. My love to all.

October 12, Dear All, I am sitting in Mamie's office. A cozy little nook with a view on a dilapidated street and a wounded mountain. (They are trying to move it and little houses are beginning to cluster upwards on its sides — I have an impression the mountain does not like it! Definitely not.)

The living room of the kids is a dream of yellow walls, green curtains . . . cozy furniture re-upholstered by Kay. Off it are three doors. Let us peek in the first. Why it is Mamie's bedroom. Each of them has a separate room, lucky kids! It is austere in its simplicity (I live there now). A cot, an orange crate, a big trunk, a big wall cupboard — this latter bare — Mamie seems to have the very minimum of clothing. Holy Poverty you know.

The next room — why, a beautiful bathroom! A symphony of white and blue. Terry towel curtains — cute and immaculate.

Next door, ah . . . the feminine touch and the Carmelite one . . . Kay . . . very nice . . . same cot, same orange crate . . . but a little different in color scheme, and I do not know what . . . just feminine.

A little hallway . . . the door to the outside . . . always open . . . over which is a PAX CARITAS CROSS . . . Then the dining room . . . with our Lady presiding.

Today a little girl brought one of the rarest gifts the Yukon has to offer — PAN-SIES. The vigil light flickers and burns . . . making shadows and lights . . . that delight me.

The kitchen . . . that could go into "Homes and Gardens" any day and win a prize. A wood stove . . . refrigerator . . . everything so tidy, that I feel I never knew tidiness. Cupboards . . . floor . . . stove . . . inside out, boy! The steps to the basement look scrubbed 24 hours a day. I guess they dare not look otherwise. The little chapel, which is little all day and night only because the bamboo curtains are drawn across it, separating it from the library (they are opened only for Mass or Benediction when the whole library becomes a chapel), is a haven of peace, quiet, and joy. Our Lord dwells there and is so close, so close . . . it is simply wonderful.

Yes . . . this is the house of charity, order, and peace. You relax the moment you get in. The kettle always boils on the stove . . . the stove burns 12 months a year, all day and all night.

People come . . . people go. People stay, sleep, rest, read,



eat. Tired people, strangers, Indians, foreigners who speak little English . . . all are so warmly welcomed. It is just like Madonna House and in some way better — because into it went much tiredness . . . loneliness . . . darkness . . . but also adventure, joy, and gladness.

I don't know what happened to my usual flow of words. As my anniversary approaches, all I can think of is that because of Madonna House there are three more altars in the world where God may dwell among us! That overwhelms me so that I am speechless. Doesn't it you?

God bless you and keep you, beloved kids. In Mary, lovingly, B.

Feast of St. Edward, Oct. 13th, Dear Mary Ruth, It snows. The dirty shacks with barrels and propane-gas containers have changed. They look picturesque. Strange patterns in white. They acquired an air of mystery and of adventure over night. The alleyways with their refuse make yet another pattern of white, that leaves one guessing what may be underneath it all.

Men and women too have suddenly coats and haloes. It all is pretty strange — This place grows on you. As if the countryside said, "I am forbidding, and I am cold . . . but that is just a facade . . . come and climb higher into my eternal mountains, and I will show you treasures you never dreamed of. And if you persevere you shall see the face of God. Come, be not afraid: Heights are depths indeed here, and the footprints of God are everywhere. Come. Ascend and seek . . . and you shall find. Now the giant strides of the Bridegroom Who leaps over our heights so easily . . . now the slender small footprints of Our Lady of the Yukon. Come on. Don't be afraid."

The austerity grows on you, becomes warm and inviting . . . there is the peace of the eternal hills around you . . . and men's hunger for God is more easily seen. Yes, I begin to like this country . . . and the people who dwell in it.

Maryhouse is a dream, truly beautiful, inwardly and outwardly. Clean, tidy, tasteful, and so homey and holy . . . I love it. It is also comfy and warm and cozy, a haven for many priests, nuns, and layfolks . . . a home away from home. The hardships are there . . . but not where they seemed to be.

OH THAT LOUIE!

(Continued from Page Three)

dined on steak, French-fries, blueberries and coffee. Later on, our meals were less elaborate. When one of the boys said, This is sure "bum" coffee — I decided it was time to begin our trek back to the mission.

I decided that perhaps pottery making would be a less violent pastime. After 3 days, Fr. Cowgill was just at his wits' end — trying to answer my avalanche of questions on the fine art of ceramics. Then too, we made a pair of cuff-links of baked enamel (Msgr. Gallant, seeing that this craft would be most suitable for Maryhouse promptly gave me \$40.00 worth of new equipment to take to Whitehorse on my return). The staff of priests and sisters here at PXM do weaving, wood-working, leathercraft, gem-cutting and pottery making. They have 85 geese and 500 chickens — and a St. Bernard dog called "Blizzard", whose size is worthy of the name.

Thrilled By Mass

The greatest thrill during my vacation was to be able to celebrate the first feast of Saint Pope Pius X with these capable missionaries. Msgr. Gallant celebrated high mass wearing majestic gold vestments — made with his own hands. Two Indian boys assisted. During the day, Msgr. Gallant personally wrapped and mailed twenty first-class relics of Pius X to my friends and relatives. The man is the soul of generosity — and the whole staff is permeated by the same spirit. Msgr. Gallant by the way, was the first priest to be ordained in Alaska — 37 years a priest.

The school is staffed by the Sisters of St. Anne. Their perseverance in charity is reflected in the children they teach — which (when one reflects upon the background and former environments of the kids —) is saying a great deal. Most of the child-

ren are "welfare" cases — many of whom we meet during the year at Maryhouse — on their way to or from Pius X Mission. These little native children (some are whites, though) are wholesome and well-mannered — but not to the point of exaggeration.

What More Indeed?

Any attempt at describing the scenery here would be an understatement. The beauty of the mountains affords plenty of food for thought on our own insignificance and the Providence of God... what more do you want???

Did I tell you that when I returned from mountain climbing I picked up the book "My Way of Life," to do a little spiritual reading? The first paragraph began — "The road that stretches before the feet of a man is a challenge to his heart long before it tests the strength of his legs."

It has happened so often. 'So very often.' A boy or a girl comes into this apostolate, giving up everything —, possessions, leisure time, ambitions, their own wills — and relying on Providence for whatever they need. They want to make great sacrifices.

God Will Provide

They are ready to eat only what's given them to eat. They are ready to wear second hand clothes. They are ready to work hard, and at monotonous jobs. They expect no rewards, no pay, no special consideration. They are ready to do what they are told to do, to go where they may be sent.

And God, Who never is outdone in generosity, takes wondrous care of them wherever they are, whatever they do.

Louie, for instance, hasn't a dime of his own, or a bit of clothing of his own. He has nothing at all. Yet he gets a vacation a millionaire's son would think himself lucky to have! God certainly looks after His own, especially those who beggar themselves for His sake.

BL. MARTIN DE-PORRES



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